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JOSEPH ADDISON.

THERE are no books at the present day so plentiful at the second-hand book-stalls as the writings of Addison. Few people ever stand for ten minutes inspecting the wares which are there displayed, without seeing at least duplicates of the "Spectator," the "Guardian," and the "Freeholder;" often ancient copies, upon which the hand of time has fallen lightly, but not passed over by moth and mildew, in faded ink, and antiquated characters, bearing the name of some dame who

and starts and muse over it, are likely to seek them, or leave them. The circulating library possesses them, to be sure, but it is at rare intervals a customer inquires for them. The fact is, that for the "masses," "the million," or whatever you please to call the great bulk of the people, whom "people of *ton*" don't consider "select," Addison's writings have lost their charm. His refined idealism, his graceful wit, his chastened and artistic imagination, were never made to bear the puffing,



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flaunted in Great Ormond-street, and Soho-square, in the days of hoops, sedan-chairs, and link-boys; or some long-forgotten man of letters, doubtless crowned with immortality in his day by his own little circle of admirers. We meet with smarter editions in modern type, and calf and gold, in the libraries of *élégants* and men of letters, and men who ape a taste for literature because it is fashionable, but their very appearance tells us that they are intended more for ornament than use.

But we seldom find them in places where greedy readers, that devour a book, or dreamy readers, that read it by fits

bustling, excitement-craving character which the go-a-head spirit of the present age has given to literature and the public taste. Much of the popularity of his works was due to their clever allusions to the current topics, vices, follies, and fashions of the time at which they appeared. The "Spectator," and "Guardian" supplied the place of the *Times*, and the *Daily News*, and all the other morning papers, of all the reviews, and all the monthlies, and all the cheap serials which at the present day infest or charm England. They were at all the breakfast tables, and in all the coffee-houses, and the talk of all the town. To confess to not having read them *then*, was

a confession of a man's own want of taste. But when times, and men, and manners changed;—when new authors, new poets, historians, philosophers, notions, politics, and laws, came on the scene,—Addison faded insensibly from the eyes of the great crowd who seldom read a book, except for excitement, and because everybody else has read it.

But for all who value an English style unequalled for its grace, simplicity, and perspicuity, wit of the utmost keenness, but the utmost delicacy, that sparkles and delights without ever wounding—humour that can put the point of a long story, or the gist of a good joke, in a single inuendo—a mild and tolerant Christianity, that seeks the love and elevation of all without the condemnation of any—pictures of manners in one of the most interesting periods of English history which have never been surpassed for richness and truth of colouring—the writings of Addison will have charms for ever. No man who has aught in common with Addison's gentle and refined nature, ever rose up from their perusal without a feeling of unmingled delight. As long as the English tongue lives, and as long after its death as it will be studied, they will hold the prime place amongst its classics. The purchase and possession of them by thousands, who never read them thoroughly, or never read them at all, is a tacit tribute to their sterling worth. If we ever dedicate a temple to the memory of our great men, his statue should occupy the place of honour, for he was one of the very few who have figured in the history either of English politics, or English literature, on whose fame no stain has ever been found by friend or foe. He, with far more truth than the elder Lyttleton, might be truly said never to have written a line that he need wish to blot out. He did many things, doubtless, that a prudent man might wish undone, but none that a good man need regret.

His father was the Rev. Lancelot Addison, a pious man and a good scholar, who for his attachment to royalty was rewarded with the offices of Archdeacon of Salisbury and Dean of Lichfield after the Restoration. Joseph was born in 1672. He was taught the rudiments at schools in his father's neighbourhood, and then sent to the Charter-house. At fifteen he was considered fit for college, and was entered in Queen's-college, Oxford. While there a copy of some of his Latin verses fell into the hands of Dr. Lancaster, the Dean of Magdalene-college, who was so delighted with them, that he procured his admission to Magdalene-college as one of those scholars who are called *Demies*, and he was afterwards elected a fellow. Magdalene was then one of the wealthiest foundations in Europe, and the persecutions of James had rendered it the most famous. Addison reflected new honour upon it. Macaulay tells us that it is still proud of him, that his portrait hangs in the hall, and that his favourite walk under the elms on the banks of the Cherwell is still pointed out to strangers. His knowledge of the Latin poets was prodigious, as might be expected from a man so proficient in Latin versification; but his acquaintance with prose writers was extremely meagre, and with Greek literature still more so. His Latin poems were long and justly applauded before his name had ever been heard of in connexion with the literature of his mother-tongue. His first attempt in English verse was made in some complimentary lines to Dryden, who was pleased by his praise, and formed an acquaintance with him. He then translated part of the fourth "Georgic," and wrote an ode to King William, in the usual style of that day—heroic metre, flowingly smooth, and not necessarily possessing any meaning. Pope carried the art of this sort of versification to perfection, and has been imitated by hundreds ever since who are utterly unable to conjure up one happy idea. Addison's poetry, written at this period, possesses no one merit.

His next performance was writing a critical preface for the "Georgics" which Dryden was engaged in translating.

In 1699 he had just completed his twenty-seventh year, and it became necessary that he should make a choice of a profession. There was every inducement for him to enter the church—the wealth and numerous livings possessed by the college, his own orthodox opinions, and his quiet, studious habits. But the course of his life was changed by the fact that Lord

Somers, the chancellor, and Charles Montague, who was the leader of the whig party in the House of Commons, were very anxious to encourage young men of literary talents, by enlisting their services in the administration of public affairs. Addison had more than ordinary claims to their notice. His patrons were at first anxious that he should be employed in the diplomatic service of the crown, but his want of acquaintance with the French language was a bar to this. It was determined, therefore, that he should spend some time upon the continent preparing himself for official employment. His own means would have proved insufficient for the tour, if Lord Somers had not procured for him a pension of three hundred a year, which, with his fellowship, was amply sufficient for all ordinary expenses.

He, therefore, bade adieu to Oxford in the summer of 1699, and passed over to Calais, and thence to Paris. He was there treated with great kindness by the Earl of Manchester, then ambassador at the French court, and his charming countess, whose beauty Addison celebrated in some verses inscribed on the glasses of the Kit-Cat Club. From Paris he passed on to Blois, where the French language was at that time said to be spoken in its greatest purity. He spent some months here in retirement, going little into company, but still closely observing the peculiarities of French society, which at that time, owing to the doting fanaticism of Louis XIV., was in a curious state. On his return to Paris he formed an acquaintance with Boileau, in which the old satirist's character appears in a new light. He was old, deaf, and living in retirement, generally peevish, and slow to admit any one to his confidence. But Addison seems to have won his heart, for he praised his Latin poems, which he had read, and spoke to him upon other subjects with a freedom which was certainly not habitual.

December, 1700, he embarked at Marseilles for Italy. On his way, a violent storm arose, in which the captain and crew gave themselves up for lost. Addison's feelings upon the occasion have found utterance in the fine hymn, "How are thy servants blessed, O Lord!" which was afterwards published in the "Spectator."

While in Italy, as a matter of course, he visited most of the places which were consecrated by the traditions of antiquity or by the artistic glories of the middle ages. Genoa, Rome, and Venice all came in for a due share of attention. He spent also a good deal of time at Naples and Florence, engaged in examination of the various curiosities both of art and antiquarian remains which they contain.

In December he returned across the Alps, but on his arrival at Geneva learnt that a change of ministry had taken place, and that his friend, the Earl of Manchester, was appointed to the office of Secretary of State. Through his influence, Addison was appointed diplomatic agent, on behalf of England, to attend Eugene in Italy, and he was preparing to return to the scene of his duty, when William III. died, and on the accession of Anne, the Whig party were thrust out of office. He, therefore, lost not only his employment, but his pension, and in order to support himself, became tutor to a young English tourist, with whom he rambled over most of the continent. It was during this period that he wrote his treatise on "Medals." From Germany he repaired to Holland, and in 1703 returned to England, when he first became acquainted with the Kit-Cat Club. He was for a long time after this greatly pressed by pecuniary difficulties, but at length the battle of Blenheim, strange to say, placed him once more on the high road to fortune. Godolphin, the tory minister of the day, was greatly annoyed by the badness of the verses in which the scribes of his party attempted to celebrate the victory. He went to consult the whig chief, Lord Halifax, in the choice of a bard who would treat the theme in a manner worthy of its importance. Halifax recommended Addison, and Addison was, therefore, surprised one morning in his garret in the Haymarket, by a visit from Boyle, the then Chancellor of the Exchequer, who requested him to undertake the poem. Addison eagerly grasped at the proposal, which suited his inclination no less than his pocket,

and when the work was half finished showed it to his employer. Godolphin was delighted with it, and instantly appointed him to a commissionership, worth about two hundred a-year. The poem was the "Campaign," which immediately after its publication met with immense success.

His next work was the "Narrative of his Travels in Italy," which though possessing great merit in the grace and perspicuity of its style, and the aptness of its classical quotations and allusions, has one great fault—that it makes hardly any reference to the literature, art, or history of modern Italy. Soon after this, he published an opera called "Rosamond," which for a long time enjoyed great popularity.

The whigs, towards the beginning of the year 1705, obtained a complete ascendancy, both in the House of Commons and in the administration, and Addison's good fortune once more began to return in right earnest. The great seal was given to Cowper, and Somers and Halifax were admitted to the Privy Council, and Addison was appointed Under-Secretary of State. At the general election in 1708, he was returned for Malmesbury, but in the House of Commons he never opened his mouth but once, and then completely failed. His timidity, like Cowper's, was so great, that the wit and eloquence which were the life of the Kit-Cat Club, and the delight of the thousands who had read his writings, quite forsook him in the presence of an audience. His literary talents, however, in an age when literature was a political engine of greater power than even at the present day, availed him so well, that he rose into as good a position as has ever been occupied by the most celebrated orators of any period in parliamentary history.

At the close of the year 1708, Wharton was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and conferred on Addison the Chief Secretaryship, the salary attached to which office was then three thousand a-year, and in addition to this, the latter obtained a patent, appointing him keeper of the Irish records for life, with a salary of three or four hundred a-year. In the summer of 1709 he was elected member for the borough of Cavan, and, it appears, so far got the better of his native bashfulness so as to make two speeches in the Irish parliament. His gentle and refined nature did not, however, ever suit well with the rude and licentious coarseness of the Lord Lieutenant, and we may fairly presume that his stay in Dublin was anything but the most agreeable period of his life. In it, however, the event occurred which was destined to place him in his present high position amongst the ornaments of English literature. Richard Steele, a well-educated rake, with some talents, but no steadiness or application, and an acquaintance of Addison's, had been appointed Gazetteer by the whigs, and thus had access to earlier news than was within the reach of the small fry of journalists who even at that time existed in London. He, therefore, determined to start a periodical to be entitled the "Tatler," which should contain an epitome of home and foreign news, the gossip of the town and of the coffee-houses, pasquinades on sharpers, strictures on the fashions and manners of the day, and such like.

In April, 1709, it appeared; and Addison, immediately on hearing, determined to lend his assistance, and contributed a series of papers of unrivalled elegance, wit, and humour, lively portraits of certain types of character, and short fictitious tales showing up some foible or folly of the times. Great as the charms of his conversation are described to have been, the charms of this style of writing are still greater. The success of the "Tatler" was immense, and far surpassed Steele's expectation, who found himself completely eclipsed by his contributor. "I fared," he said, "like a distressed prince who calls in a powerful neighbour to his aid. I was undone by my auxiliary. When I had once called him in, I could not subsist without dependence upon him."

In 1709 he was sailing pleasantly along upon the full tide of popularity which his known connexion with the "Tatler" caused to flow around him, when an unexpected catastrophe threw a gloom over his prospects. The whigs fell suddenly with a crash; were, in short, turned out of office by the queen, whose old Stuart prejudices made her hate them. Addison, consequently, lost his secretaryship; and what made the misfortune

greater was the fact, that but a short time previously he had resigned his fellowship, it was said with the view of offering his hand to a lady of rank, who, in some slight degree at least, favoured his suit while he was a rising politician. We fancy he must have been a model in love-making. His exuberant wit, his brilliancy in conversation, his gentle earnestness, and the exquisite delicacy of his compliments and of his respect, must have been powerful weapons in laying siege to the heart of a marriageable woman. Your thundering, roaring, rattling, manly, impetuous, ardent fellows, with their battering-rams of loud protestation, would meet with a smart repulse, where Addison's lines and covered ways would carry the citadel.

But the fair one in this instance seems to have been a worldling. When he lost office she would have none of him. All these reverses do not seem to have had much effect upon him. He was a thorough philosopher, and was just as smiling, as witty, and as good-humoured when once more an adventurer, as when one of the chief ministers of the state. He was consoled, too, by finding that no one disliked him. The Tories, his political enemies, even in those days when party spirit ran so high, had never a word of reproach or ill-will for Addison; and what was then rare, he retired from office with the sympathy and respect of everybody. Nay, so great influence did he retain with his political antagonists, that he was enabled to obtain appointments for many of his old friends whom the change of ministry had thrown penniless on the world. Not the least deserving was Richard Steele—poor, good-natured, ne'er-do-well Richard Steele—for whom he got permission to continue in his place in the Stamp-office, upon condition that he should abstain from meddling in party politics, which he did. The "Tatler" thus lost one of its leading features, and in January, 1711, ceased to appear altogether.

In the March following appeared the first number of that incomparable production, the "Spectator."

The "Spectator" sketched by Addison, was an imaginary personage, who is supposed to have fixed his residence in London, and to be a diligent observer of men and manners in the great city, and furnishes the result of his investigations to the public in the shape of sketches of the characters of the individuals composing a club of intimate friends, in whose presence alone he can overcome his bashfulness so as to converse with freedom. Most of these are now familiar to the great mass of the public as household words. Will Honeycomb and Sir Roger de Coverley are old friends of every school-boy, and the good old baronet is still further endeared to many a grown man by its connexion with the well-known dance, in which perhaps the first pressure of a soft hand, and the first sparkle of a bright eye, sealed his fate for life.

The series of papers was closed by the break-up of the club, the death of Sir Roger, and the marriage and reformation of the old rake, Will Honeycomb. Besides these sketches, the "Spectator" contained a great number of critical and other articles, also from the pen of Addison. The circulation was immense for that age, when the population of England was so much smaller than it is now, and the per centage of readers still smaller. At the very first it was three thousand; it afterwards rose to four, and for some particular numbers the demand was so great that twenty thousand copies were sold.

In 1712 the "Spectator" died; and the "Guardian" appeared also under Steele's editorship. For a long time it received no contributions from Addison, and when he did begin to contribute, it was too late to save it from downfall.

He had been in the meantime engaged in preparing his celebrated play, "Cato," which was brought out at Drury-lane, and received by a crowded audience, composed of all political parties, with thunders of applause. In 1714 he projected and published another volume of the "Spectator," which contains some of the most charming essays in the language; but before it was completed, a change in political affairs produced a great change in his fortunes. The death of Anne threw the power once more into the hands of the whigs; and the council which assumed the administration of the

government, until the arrival of George I. from Hanover, appointed Addison their secretary. On the king's arrival, a new ministry was formed, in which Addison was again appointed Chief Secretary for Ireland. In 1715 he relinquished the secretaryship for a seat at the Board of Trade, and returned to London. The most remarkable event in his history at this period was his quarrel with Pope, who accused him of malignant jealousy, because he gave him some advice regarding the "Rape of the Lock" which did not turn out as well-timed as Addison honestly believed it to be. Into the details of the dispute our space will not permit us enter. It is enough to say, that everybody now believes Addison to have been in the right, and Pope in the wrong—the one to have been noble minded, honourable, and well-meaning, the other spiteful, jealous, peevish, and suspicious.

In 1716 he married his old flame, the Countess Dowager of Warwick, who at last accepted him when his position left her no excuse. His official standing was very high, and he had inherited the property of a brother who had died governor of Madras, which enabled him to purchase an estate in Warwickshire. He now took up his abode in Holland House, since become so celebrated for the brilliant réunions which in the early part of the present century took place within its walls, comprising all the talents and all the graces of a glorious intellectual epoch—wit, eloquence, and poetry. Not long after his marriage he was made Secretary of State, by a modification of the ministry. But he did not long enjoy his elevation. Declining health compelled him to resign upon a pension of £1,500 a year. The remainder of his life, except during a

silly political quarrel with Steele, carried on in the columns of two periodicals started for the purpose, was passed in calm retirement. Though suffering severely under the attacks of disease, his last moments were characterised by a pious fortitude arising out of the implicit and child-like trust in God which had always distinguished him. He sent for his son-in-law, a wild and dissipated young man, that "he might see how a Christian could die!" On the 17th of June, 1719, he was no more.

His body lay in state in the Jerusalem Chamber, and was borne thence to the Abbey by torch-light, at the dead of night, the choir chanting a funeral hymn. He was interred on the north side of the chapel of Henry the Seventh in the vault of the Albermarle family. It was not until very recently that any monument was erected to his memory in the great temple in which so many famous Englishmen lie sleeping; but the visitor to Westminster Abbey may now see his effigy skilfully sculptured in the Poet's Corner, representing him clad in his dressing-gown, and holding in his hand a roll of paper. "Such a mark of respect," says a great essayist of our own time, "was due to the unsullied statesman, to the accomplished scholar, to the master of pure English eloquence, to the consummate painter of life and manners. It was due, above all, to the great satirist, who alone knew how to use ridicule without abusing it, who, without inflicting a wound, effected a great social reform, and who reconciled wit and virtue, after a long and disastrous separation, during which wit had been led astray by profligacy, and virtue by fanaticism."

PHOTOGRAPHIC SELF-REGISTERING MAGNETIC AND METEOROLOGICAL APPARATUS.

INVENTED BY MR. BROOKE, OF KEPPEL-STREET, LONDON.

THE importance of instruments whereby the direction and intensity of the earth's magnetism may be readily ascertained, is acknowledged by all scientific men; and the application of photography to this purpose is a means whereby much labour has been saved in meteorological observations. In the following paper we purpose explaining, as briefly as we can, how these observations are made by self-registering apparatus.

Terrestrial magnetism is a *directive*, not an *attractive* force, exercised by the earth and its surrounding atmosphere upon a compass needle, or a freely suspended bar magnet. That it is not an attractive force, may be readily shown by floating a compass needle by means of a piece of cork on a vessel of water: the needle will be found to take its position in the direction of the magnetic meridian; but it exhibits not the least tendency to float towards the north, although perfectly free to do so if any attractive force were exerted upon it in that direction.

The magnetic does not coincide with the *astronomical* meridian, but is variously inclined to it at different points of the earth's surface. The angle at which these two meridians are inclined to each other is the *magnetic declination*. The value of this angle is at the present time about $22\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ in the vicinity of London, and its direction towards the west.

A compass needle is ordinarily supported in such a manner as to rest horizontally in the magnetic meridian; but if it be so sustained as to be capable of moving freely in a vertical plane, the marked end of the needle will point or dip downwards, and the angle which the needle when in its position of rest makes with the horizontal plane is called the dip. The present value of this angle, in the same locality, is about $68\frac{3}{4}^{\circ}$.

The force by which the marked end of the needle is thus directed obliquely downwards, may be conceived to be compounded of two forces, one acting horizontally and the other vertically; by the former of which, acting alone, the needle would assume a horizontal, and by the latter a vertical position. In the present instance, the proportion of the vertical to the horizontal force is nearly as 2 to 1.

These three elements of terrestrial magnetic force, namely,

the declination or direction of the vertical plane in which it is exerted, and the amount of its horizontal and vertical components, are found to be continually in a state of change: some of the variations being of a periodical character, while others, far more irregular and extensive in amount, are of less frequent occurrence, and arise from causes that are at present very imperfectly understood.

The general object of magnetic observations is to obtain a complete knowledge of the physical causes on which the existence of terrestrial magnetism, and its various changes, depend. This knowledge is to be sought by a comparison of the observed changes in the three elements of magnetic force with the occurrence of other natural phenomena. The instruments by which the changes of the magnetic elements are observed are the declinometer, the bifilar or horizontal force magnetometer, and the balanced or vertical force magnetometer. The declinometer consists of a bar magnet freely suspended by a bundle of untwisted silk fibres: the variations of the position of this magnet correspond with those of the vertical plane in which the earth's force is exerted. The bifilar is a similar bar magnet, suspended by two nearly parallel bundles of fibres, separated by a small interval. The double point of suspension is twisted round until the bar assumes a position exactly perpendicular to the magnetic meridian, in which it will then be retained by the opposition of two equal forces—the gravity of the bar and its appendages tending to untwist the suspensive skeins, while the horizontal component of the earth's force tends equally to turn the bar in the opposite direction. As the former of these forces remains constant, it is clear that any variations of the latter will produce corresponding changes in the position of the magnet; and it is by observation of these changes of position that the variations of horizontal magnetic force are determined.

The balanced magnetometer is a bar magnet, very delicately poised on knife edges, so as to move in a vertical plane like the beam of a balance. This instrument is placed at right angles to the magnetic meridian, and is maintained in a horizontal position by a weight, which counteracts the tendency